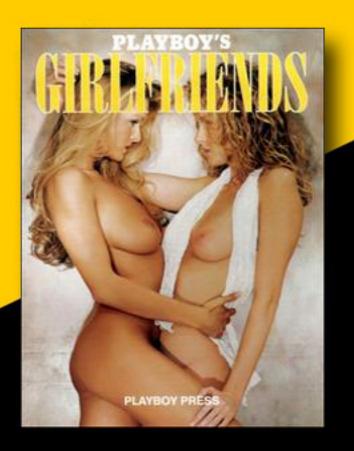


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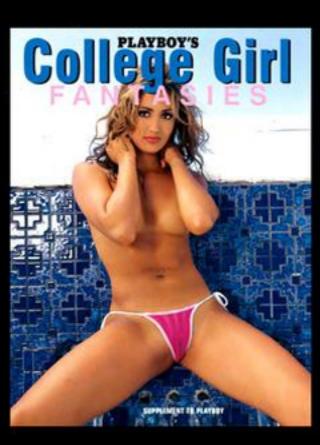






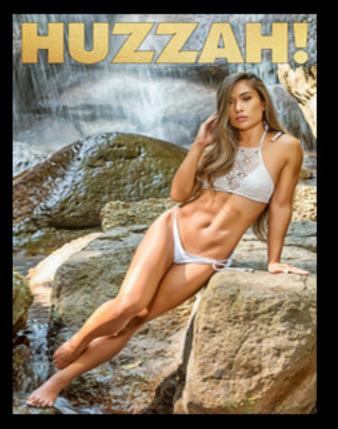








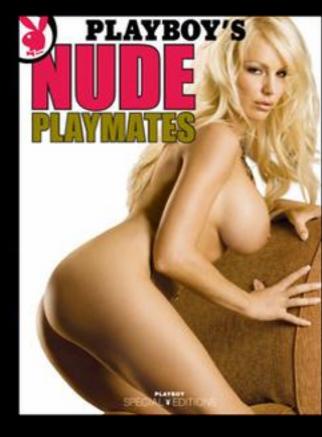


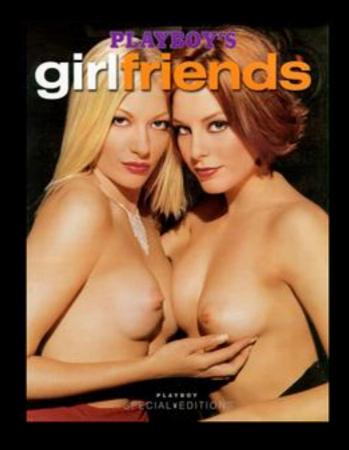




































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Usually we like to have sex in private, but this time we'll let you watch. It's not that we're embarrassed, we're not. It's just that we're a little inhibited. We would probably do more nastier things without the cameras here. So, you'll just have to use your imagination on what we do to each other's pussies and tight asses.













































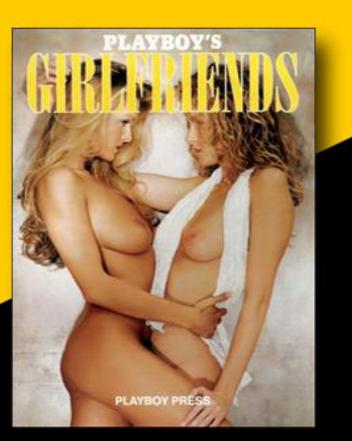


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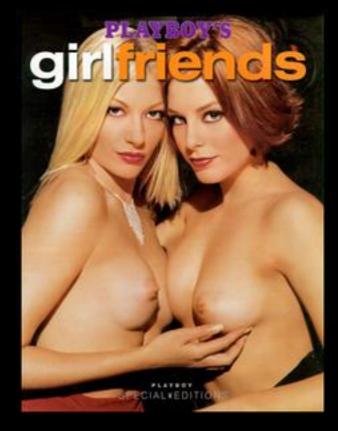
































































a synful match

a lady boxer puts the moves on a novice bi



I'd never been with another girl before. Looking back, there were the same kinds of fantasies and crushes you hear lesbians talk about all the time, but I never acted on those feelings. Then, when I met Syndi, all of that changed.

It was a Saturday night. Some co-workers and I, wanting to do something different, had gone to a boxing match—a women's boxing match, of all things. One of my friends had been to one before. "You'll love it," he said. "The gals are like Sylvester Stallone with tits." That didn't sound too promising as far as I was concerned, but I went along with the plan.

The auditorium was pretty packed, but we managed to get seats near the front. The ref came out and called out the boxers' names. When he called out "Lady Syn," Syndi's stage name, a muscular Amazon stepped to the middle of the ring.

She raised both arms and punched the air boastfully with her gloves. Her perfect white teeth flashed, and her body gleamed like solid steel. Her rounded biceps and broad shoulders stood out sharply, the contours of muscle glowing under

the harsh lights. I noticed that she was practically breastless under her amber sports bra, which I assumed was an advantage in the ring. Her legs and arms were sculpted and defined, as were the taut angles of her face.

From the second I saw her, I knew I wanted her.

The fight began. I was mesmerized, watching her bob and weave around the other girl who had stepped up to fight her. Like the crowd, I gasped when she was repeatedly jabbed, punched, and even blasted squarely in the nose, but she never faltered. She only hammered back harder with a right hook, then a left, all in rapid-fire succession. It was the quickest knockout I ever saw. It was only the third round and she had already won.

The ref came and lifted her arm up in victory. The crowd roared with excitement. I also leapt to my feet, cheering. Secretly, I was imagining myself kissing my way down her body, making her weak from desire. I longed to overpower her—not with my strength but from my caresses.

I asked my friends if they wanted to go back and meet her

Her nails were short, her fingers long, and her handshake strong...



after the show, but none of them seemed particularly interested. Relieved, I told them I'd find my own way home and then hurried backstage. I wanted to see her up close, to smell the sweat that glistened on her chiseled abs. I hid behind a soda machine until the first throng of gawkers and groupies had passed. Then I positioned myself, alone, outside her dressing room door.

Suddenly, the door opened and she was there in front of me. I couldn't move. She looked even sexier up close, her shock of sandy hair falling over her startling, electric blue eyes. Her stare matched her body—cool and hard. I felt myself go weak as though she had just punched me with that talented left hook instead of raking me with only her gaze.

"Hello. Can I help you with something?" I heard her ask. Her voice seemed miles away.

For a moment I was speechless—even more in awe than before, because now I could see every well-defined muscle bulging and pulsating under her perfect skin. "I, um, just wanted to congratulate you," I stammered in a lame voice.

She held out her hand. I lifted mine to hers. Her nails were short, her fingers long, and her handshake stronger than any I'd ever felt. My knees buckled a bit.

I could tell from the amusement in her eyes that she'd seen right through my pitiful attempt at flirtation. Her stare lingered on my large breasts, and then she jerked her head back at her dressing room door. "You...ah...want to come in for a minute?"

Inside, my breathing be-

came short and my mouth dry. Suddenly, my hand had a will of its own as my fingers touched her cheek, massaging her forehead above the small cut she'd received in the fight. Her face moved back and forth, nuzzling against my hand.

"You are the most beautiful girl I ever saw," I said. This time, my voice was strong and clear. For the first time in my life, I was saying exactly what I thought.

"I never heard that before," she responded with a raw laugh. We looked into one another's eyes, and before long, our faces drew near and her lips were on mine. Her tongue skimmed my lips and then slipped inside my mouth. I was lost in her. I'd never had a kiss like that before. My body lost control.

In no time, we were rolling over each other on the fluffy throw rug in her dressing room. Her hard body felt like heaven on top of mine. I crushed my fingers into her stony ass. My hands were all over her body, touching her. Then, suddenly, she pulled away.

"I'm still filthy from the ring. Let me take a shower. I'll be right out."

She jumped up and stripped off her clothes. I had never seen a body like hers, and I don't think I ever will again. Her limbs were solid muscle. She stood for a moment and looked at me. I stared at her curly brown pubes and wondered how it would feel to snake my fingers through them.

"I'll be right back," she said and gave me a wicked smile.

For once, I let my body lead me. I didn't lie there and wait for her, but instead stripped off my own clothes and got right into







I explored her asscrack, nudging my fingers between her inviting cheeks...



the shower alongside her. There was barely enough room for one person, let alone two. She smiled when she felt my arms wrap around her torso.

"Couldn't wait, could you?" she commented with a dry laugh.

"No, I've waited too long to waste another second," I replied, and took the soap from her callused hand. I lathered up my hands and began soaping up her velvety back as the hot water cascaded over us. Syndi leaned her head back in ecstasy, guivering at my touch. I had never touched another girl before, but I knew exactly how to touch Syndi. All I had to do was imagine how I wanted to be touched by her. I wanted to melt into her, savoring every fiber of her body and every ounce of her lust.

My hands inched along her soft flesh. I bit into her taut shoulder, the one that had withstood a beating I would have run from in a second. I kneaded her battered body with my fingers and my mouth, soothing her bruises. Syn showed appreciation when a sly grin spread over her lips. Slowly, her teeth took on the look of a hungry wolf's.

Then we truly caught fire. The hot water cascading over us only fanned the flames.

We stood nipple to nipple and clit to clit. She grabbed my ass and I grabbed hers, crushing our clits together. Syndi had to hold me up when she bent and began sucking my tits because I almost lost my balance from my want. Her rhythmic sucking motions went straight to my pussy, and I thought I would die from desire. But what a way to go!

My hands explored her inner thighs hesitantly. She came up

for a breath. "Yes, baby, touch me. Fuck me. Don't be afraid."

I let out a gasp as my fingers swept through her doused pubes. Syndi jutted her hips forward, pressing her swollen clit into my grasp. With my other hand, I explored her ass-crack, nudging my fingers between her inviting cheeks as her hips made circular motions between my hungry, groping hands. The water made me dizzy. I grabbed onto her more tightly.

Her hands were all over me, her lips everywhere. I couldn't tell where I began and she ended. We were one in lust, building and building. She leaned back against the tiles. I went to my knees to worship this girl who was my fantasy. Gently, I pushed her thighs apart. She helped by spreading her feet wide. Her pussy was totally exposed to me.

I did a double-take, startled. There, in front of my eyes, glistened a beautiful gold clit ring. My tongue went right for it. I sucked it and pulled on it ever so gently, tugging and teasing her with my tongue. She tasted sweeter than candy apples as her juices flowed into my mouth.

My cheeks nuzzled her outer lips while I licked and sucked her. Syndi's hands held my head, pushing me into her deeper as she mashed her hips into me harder. Overcome with lust, I licked her pussy even more ferociously.

I inserted two fingers into her saturated slit and began to fuck her, twisting my fingers up inside her pliant flesh and pushing farther and deeper with each thrust. Meanwhile, my other hand explored her asshole, roughly massaging her folds and creases, testing her tightness and then retreating. "Yes, Kyli, oh yes, oh baby! I'm coming don't stop!"

I teased her to the point where she held my ears hard and made loud grunts, jutting her groin urgently forward. I finally inserted my finger into her ass while fucking her with my other two fingers. She rocked back and forth from one hand onto the other, while my tongue continued to play with her clit ring. It drove her absolutely crazy.

She was about to come all over my face as she abandoned herself to my touch. I could hear and feel and taste her while she rocked against me and moaned. The water pouring down on my head made feel like I was literally drowning in her tender juices as they filled my mouth and boggled my senses.

She exploded into my mouth, and her flowering pussy seemed to suck my hand inside. I kept fucking her and sucking her dry as she screamed, "Oh shit, ohhhhhh, oh, yes! Yes! Yes!" She thrashed her head against the wall in total abandon.

Multiple orgasms shook her like a rag doll as the waves crashed around us, as she kept mumbling incoherently and thrashing her body. Her voice, her body overwhelmed my senses until finally she went limp and slipped down the wall to crouch on the tiled floor in front of me.

Snarling with need, Syndi pulled me toward her, turning me so that my ass rested on her clit. I could feel her clit ring on my crack as she wrapped her strong arms around me. I leaned my head back to her shoulder and nuzzled her neck. She nibbled

my earlobe and eased her hands down my body, pausing to pinch my taut nipples and squeeze my swollen tits in her searching hands. My body became hers as she fondled me.

I moaned with every touch, every squeeze. And then she moved with aching slowness down my ribs and burning abs to my close-shaved pussy, stroking me like I was a precious glass figurine. I could hardly believe such a strong gal could be so careful, so tender. I arched my body to the rhythm of her caresses.

With her right hand, she parted my outer lips and went straight for my swollen, erect clit, toying with me. I thought I would explode from the tension. She kept fondling my breast and massaging my clit. I couldn't take it any more. "Please, Syn, do me. Please...I...need it so much."

That must have been enough, because she immediately went at me harder and faster. Syn alternated slipping her fingers inside my love hole and flicking my clit until I was crying out her name and writhing in her arms.

"Oh, baby! Oh, Syn—oh yesssssssssss." My body jerked and spasmed, and tides of lust rolled over me like the steamy water that was still pouring down.

After it was over, Syndi bent her head down and licked up my juices, murmuring her appreciation of my body and my lust. We ended up spending the night at my place and have been together ever since. Whenever she fights, I'm there to cheer her on and either reward her for her victory or comfort her in defeat. Either way, that body of hers wins me over every time as we savor the victory of lust together.

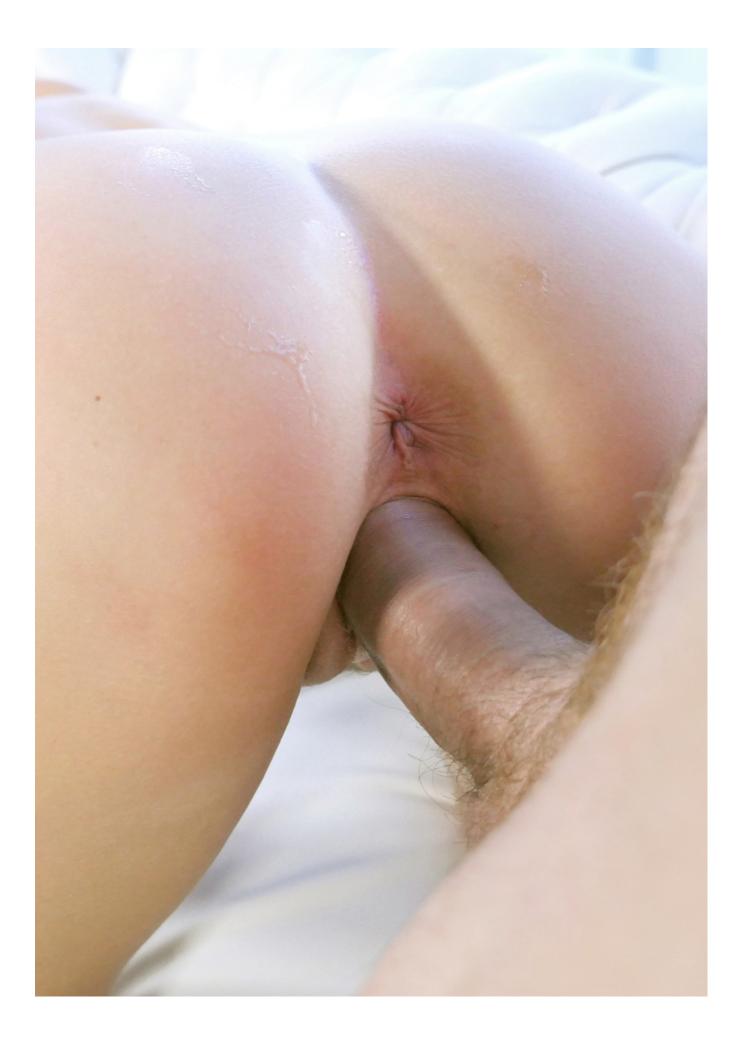
I could hear and feel and taste her while she rocked against me and moaned...



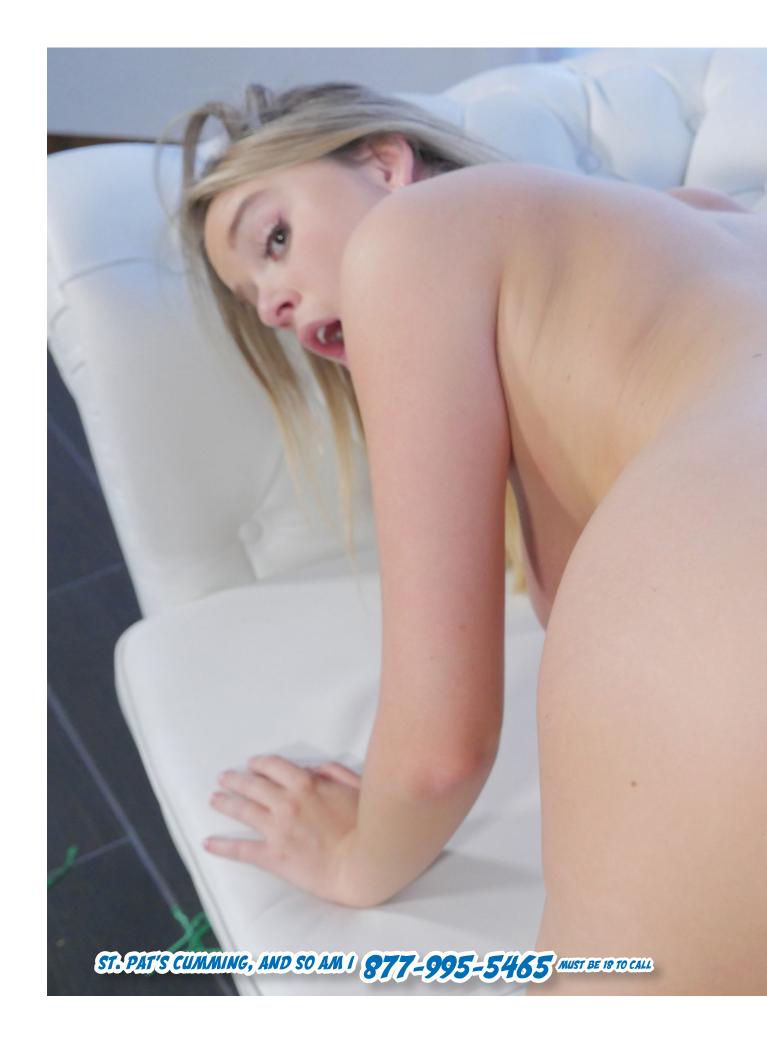


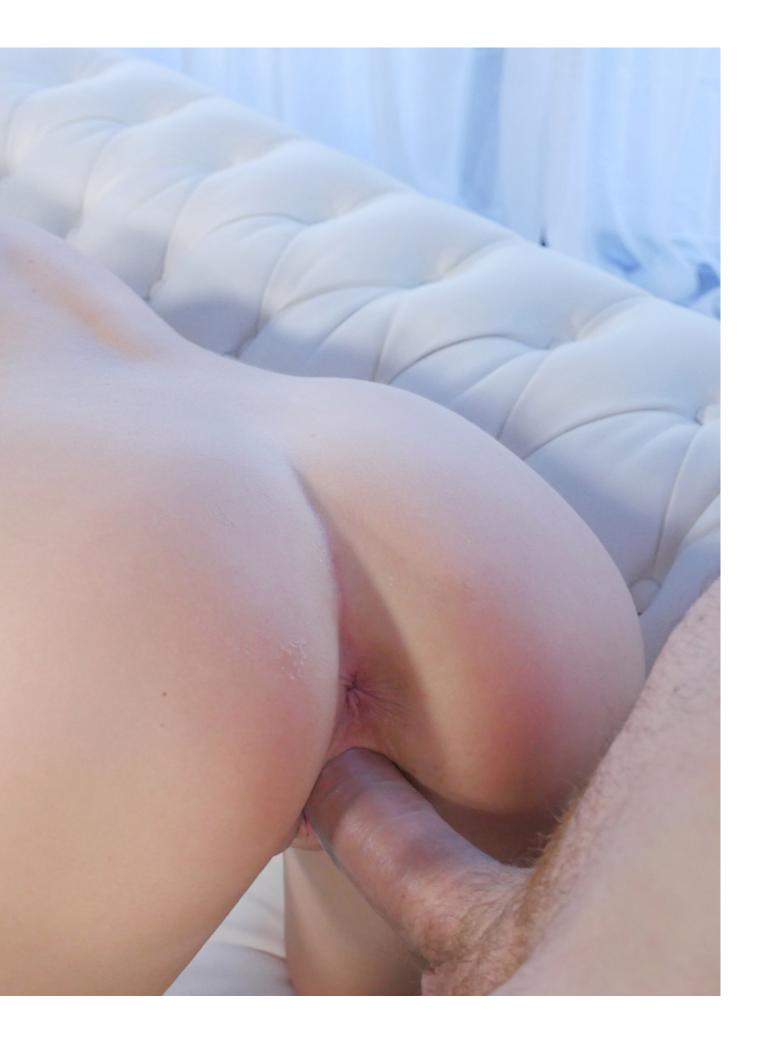
St. Patrick asked if these boobs are real, and I tell him they really are. Just a little corn fed girl trying to make it in this world. And I do mean make it. Since I started fucking on camera, I discovered that a small cock is just not on my menu. I need inches, many inches to satisfy my appetite. So if your the right size, then I'm the right fit.







































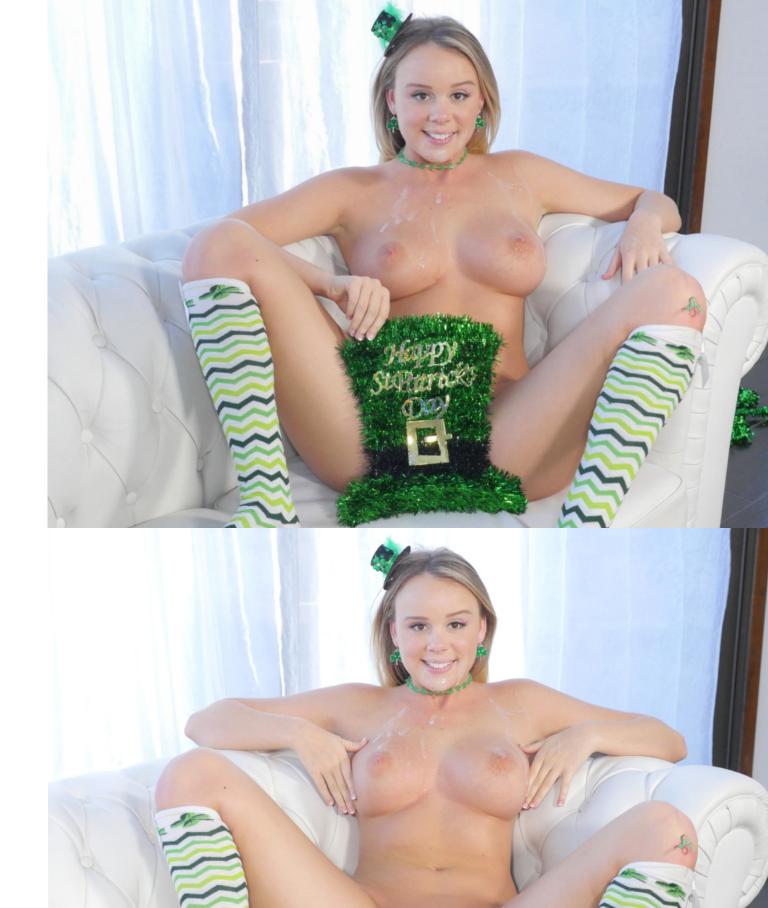














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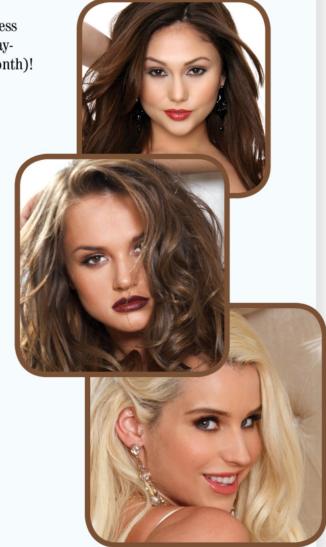
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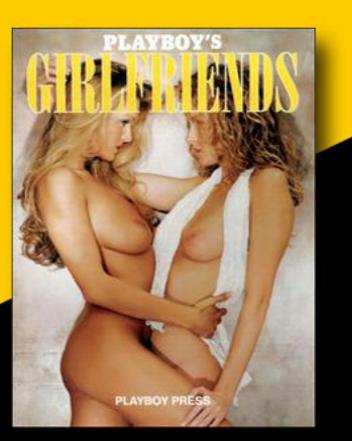


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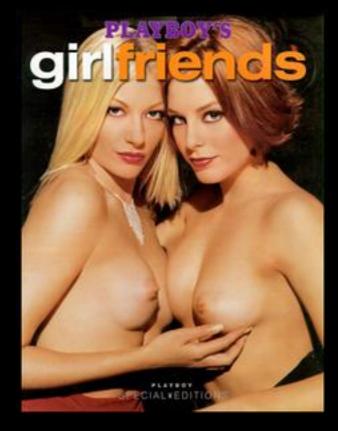








































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I counted 22 strokes

I don't know if I liked the dating scene or if I was just in the wrong place for a girl like me. Either way, it finally turned out to be the right place.



I didn't get laid all summer, but that may have been my fault. I didn't feel like talking to anyone during the day because the sun was too hot and I was sweaty. Who'll talk to a woman with sweat running down her body? So I got myself ready to go clubbing. Smell nice. Wear that new perfume. Get into my shortest dress and highest heels. The right man will notice all this... all the time I took to get ready for him. I'm waiting in anticipation for him. I'm more than just hungry for the right person, I am desperate for that man who wears that new cologne, walks up and slips his hand between my legs, rubbing my skirt as I sit atop my bar stool staring into his eyes. There is a desire running in me. It is mounting, gradually rising, and should I say it's becoming a raging mad ball of fire within me. As I become hornier for him, watching one after another walk past me, I get wetter and wetter. The moisture within has built to a credible amount that is soaking the crotch in my panties.

Two plus hours have come and gone at the club and I've looked around but no one, yes nobody, has approached me this night, so I am going home. I really like the bartender. He has been sweet and gracious. He was so nice and wished things were different. He was not beautiful, but he was nice and gracious. He told me at the very last minute he'd ask

me out if conditions were different. I thought I would have fucked him only because I was bored, lonely, and already horny. I wouldn't tease... I'd simply fuck him for the fuck. Oddly, as I walked out I turned around and looked back at him. He was looking at me with a smile and he waved.

I didn't take advantage of my situation which was a good idea, maybe. Sometimes I wished I had. Just as I got into my car, some guy yelled out asking me why I was leaving so soon. I thought that was bold but told him "Yes I was, had to go." He said he wished I would have stayed so we could have danced. I thanked him in my own way but obviously not face to face. Using my imagination, my orgasmic Saturday night was while I slow danced with the guy who yelled out at me earlier. I climaxed while slow dancing with him. The orgasm was wild. In my fantasy, the guy was happy he could get me to orgasm while we slow danced. All he did while we danced was finger my clit, going underneath my skirt... and I loved it. I always love my fantasies. I've come up with some doozies I think.

Thursday... another boring day I told myself. I called an old friend who I knew to go shopping. I was going to ask her to go to the club but didn't. I went shopping with her but she













and I really didn't have much in common by days end and it wasn't that fun... so that is why I didn't. Friday was another boring day. The summer days were passing fast. Was that a good thing? I didn't go clubbing at first. But by ten pm, I gave in and went over to the place.

Going into the club, I walked over to the bar. He wasn't working that night. I was disappointed. I asked the girl behind it and she said he was coming in soon to help out, if it was busy. I smiled because I was relieved. I needed someone to talk to. She and I talked for a while. It was an extremely slow

I love my boobs. I wouldn't change them. Guys love boobs, too. They seem to hold special powers, I sometimes think. So some days, like today, my breasts are offerings...

night. There were two on duty, her, and another guy. He was new, but she told me he was experienced. I thought, since I was bored and lonely, how experienced is he?' She knew right away what was going through my mind and giggled. I didn't know what she meant, but I realized shortly afterwards she meant she would take me home, or she could come home with me and have sex with me. I've never had

with long slender fingers. It suggested to me only one thing, but I was wrong to a degree. I would not be disappointed because I was horny and anything would do. He was horny too. We didn't waste time as Brad made the first move. He leaned towards me as I watched his eyes close in on mine.

It's now the next afternoon. He and I sat on my couch talking as he looked around my room and noticed how modestly decorated it was adorned. While I looked with him, he laid his hand on my thigh moving it acBrad and down to the inside of it. I happened to be wearing a skirt similar to the one the other night. Lightweight and cotton... a person could blow at it and it would float up in the air. I liked it because of it's free floating texture, because it always put me in a cheery mood. He liked it too because to him, I'm sure, it was an invitation to sex. I subtly opened my legs allowing him some movement, and then I opened up more. I wore a matching lightweight top. I hoped he would take notice and move in on my breasts. They are large and firm. I'd been told that they are every man's wet dream and I've exploited them that way before.

We began to kiss. I felt Brad' tongue. I tugged at him. I wanted Brad and me to make love terribly. I wanted Brad to unbutton my top and release my boobs, undo my skirt, and I wanted him to undress himself or let me undress him. My pussy moistened and dripped. His cock hardened, I'm sure,



sex with another female before, although I've goofed around in college back when I was a freshman and sophomore, but not as a junior. No... not this year I haven't, either. I thanked her and told her maybe I'd think about it for another time. She said it was okay and understood.

I stayed to closing, once again trying not to be too obviously inebriated. His name was Brad, the new bartender. We talked as he cleaned the bar. He comes from a nice family. As he finished, I asked him what he wanted and he answered almost the exactly same way I would have. He had big hands

but I didn't know it. He unbuttoned me as I wished. I smiled with fear. I wanted that but I feared I wasn't doing the right thing either. Once he unbuttoned me completely, he didn't remove my top. He looked underneath and was overjoyed with what he saw. I was elated. I was anxious. I was hornier.

I love my breasts. I wouldn't change them. Guys love breasts, too. They seem to hold special powers, I sometimes think. So some days, like today, my breasts are offerings... to Brad. I am happy to offer them up to him. I am delighted. As he might think, two delicious mounds for him to enjoy all night







long. He smiled and I knew I was right. Then I removed my skirt for him, too. Doing it said I was ready to make love to him. Brad took off his shirt. I liked Brad's chest right away. It was manly enough. I rubbed it. I liked it more. He smiled when I did. I asked him if he was smiling because of what I was doing. If it was nice. He said to me, "It's awesome." We laughed as I took off my top. He told me he was really turned on. I told him I was too. I asked him to see what I meant and held his hand. He knew what I meant. I led it

Then Brad put his arms around me and we kissed and kissed for a very long time.

Bare naked, I turned holding his hands, and I walked back to my bedroom where I lay on my bed so he could make love to me. Lying next to me, Brad caressed my boobies, and then all around them. Brad quietly kissed and caressed me everywhere. When I say everywhere, I mean anywhere and everywhere. It was and it wasn't intense. Building up to a



down between my legs so he could feel my panties. His eyes popped wide open. They were soaked. I blushed because I didn't realize how wet they actually were.

When I felt his bulge, which was magnificent, an indescribable rush waved throughout me. I asked him if I could take his pants off. He said yes. I was hot all over! I was going insane! I unbuckled his belt, unsnapped his pants, and unzipped them. They fell by themselves to the floor and he stepped out of them. Wearing briefs, I saw the splendor pushing hard against the inside of them. I thought he would be bigger, but regardless, it didn't matter one bit. His size thrilled me either way. I went down on my knees, slipped his underwear off, looked up at him. I don't know what he assumed but all I did was hold it in my hands. Holding it and staring at it, I stroked it very, very slowly. He loved it. He closed his eyes. I loved doing it, too. Slowly, surely, I stroked his shaft, never being aggressive whatsoever. I loved how his cock felt in the clutches of my hands. It was long, stiff and lean just like him. Then I took it in my mouth and gave him the best blowjob a woman could give any man.

He was completely naked. He stared at my breasts and I could tell, adored them. I was overjoyed he found pleasure in them. He lifted me up, removed my bra and panties, and standing completely naked, he stared and stared as if gawking, but he said something quietly as if talking to himself almost. "They are the most beautiful breasts I've ever seen."

moment of final ecstasy, Brad's hands swarmed over me in areas no one has ever touched me before.

Brad's fingers slipped inside my butt cheeks, slowly they inched their way through to my hole, yes... slowly, but surely they made their way. Not forcing his way, he subtly slipped his fingers in my pussy wetting them down, and then delicately they went into my ass hole. I squealed when feeling his fingers inside it, but I let him proceed. I began to love and enjoy it more and more. I backed my hips into his fingers and told him to replace them with his cock. He did so immediately and I buckled from the largeness creeping into my tiny hole. I grabbed his hips and made him push into me more. Then I took his hands and brought them around me and down to my clit. What a feeling. I can't say if I felt it before. My sexuality was blooming and all the sensations seemed amplified. He brought one hand back up to my boobs and gently pinched the nipple.

We fucked like this for several minutes and then I got down on my elbows, lifting my butt higher for him. This was a signal to pump harder and he did. I counted twenty-two strokes... plunging thrusts into my ass and felt his warmth gush deep inside my anus. We collapsed on the bed, his weight on top of me. I was so turned on that he just touched me lightly on my clit and I came again. He not only made love to my boobs, he made love to my ass, my lips, my pussy, and more importantly, to me as a woman.

































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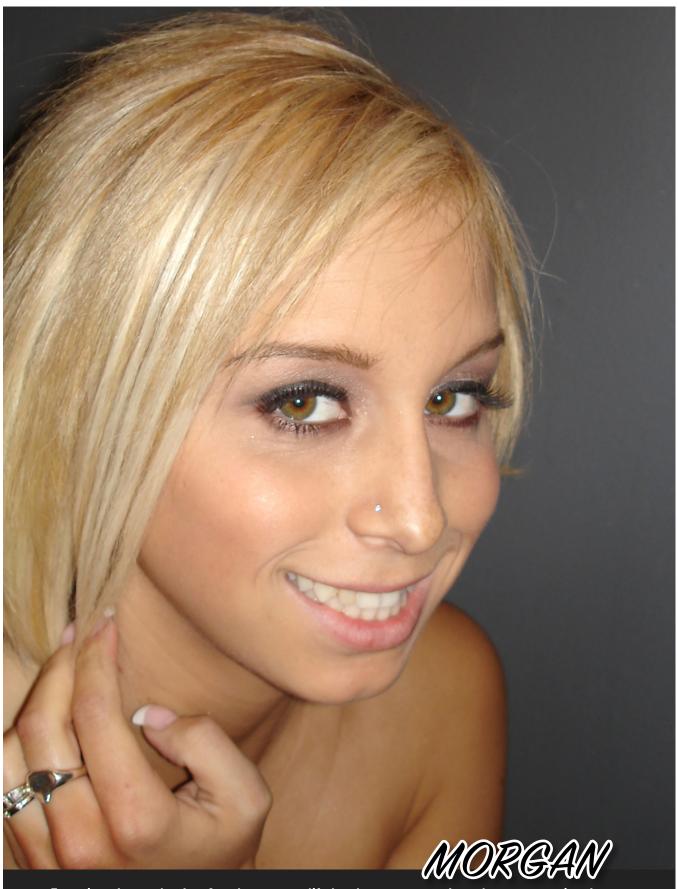
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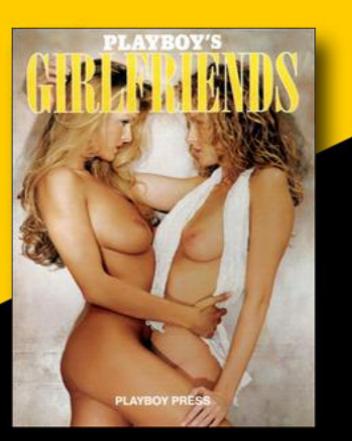


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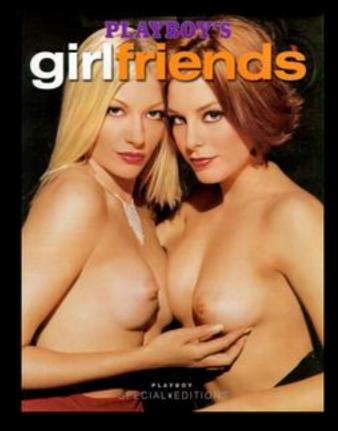






































































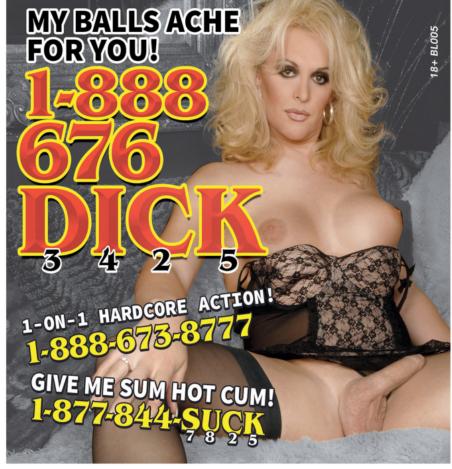












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